

# Hawaiian Gazette

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Orissa.—In the new Post Office Building  
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Robert Burns.

Henry W. Longfellow in "Haway's Magazine" for August.

I have said the faults of Ayr  
A ploughman's wife, and so on; but  
Says to his wife,

So you know not fit it is  
The French's song we hear or his.

Not fit to ask.

For him the ploughing of these fields  
A more laborious route.

This shanty of pink!

Song full with purple blossoms the tree;

The flower's call, the earthen's cry.

Sing to his horse.

Wreathed by his hand, the wavy wood

Becomes a bower, the lowland road.

Beside the stream,

Is strown with flowers, green and grass,

And bushes, which the hedges pass.

The sun rises,

He sings of love, whose bloom

The leaves of some cottage reveal.

He loves the tree,

The meadow's meadows and stress,

Of myriad pastures, and no less

The lawn meadows.

Alas, meadows, writhing with its love,

His voice is harsh, but not with pain,

The brookside song;

Alas, the lawn, the hill, the fall,

His voice is harsh, the song of pain,

Upon the lonesome.

Still still the burden of his song

Is sweetest, softest, loveliest of song;

He mirths—cheers,

Are blithe, freedom, brotherhood;

He mirths—cheers,

Between the woods.

And then to the young and dear,

Unshamed that he might achieve?

Yes better now.

As this man—cheers, and—cheers,

And—cheers, and—cheers,

And—cheers,